

The Protestants Thanks for the Down-
fall of Popery, or Madam Popery
rocked to Sleep. CUP 21 g 43/12

ALL you whose Eyes did use to weep,
And Hearts with Sorrows was prest full deep,
Cheer up, for now Madam Popery's asleep.
*Sing Lullaby Popery, Husb! Proud Popery, Lullaby
Popery, Oh! Lullaby.*

Madam POPERY once she sat at her Ease,
And all her Projectors they did what they please,
But now the curs't Crew can us no more tease.
Sing Lullaby Popery, &c.

The NUNCIÖ is gone, and sail'd over the Main,
He was sent over hither, their Cause for to gain,
And I protest I don't know when he will come again.
Sing Lullaby Popery, &c.

Their Game is quite done, and the Cards are thrown by,
And the Knave of Spades PETERS looks now very shy,
He is gone into FRANCE in a Corner to Cry
Sing Lullaby Popery, &c.

The Irish Teagues from hence are all gone,
Who our Throats would have Cut, had they been let alone,
But they are packing sent home to sing a-bone, a-bone.
Sing Lullaby Popery, &c.

POPISH Chappels and Altars we shall no more need,
Nor in any great haste will be built up with speed,
And Wild-House do's now look like Wild-House indeed.
Sing Lullaby Popery, &c.

And he that was PRINTER to Household and Chappel,
Will have no Occasion to print POPISH Tattle,
For Bell, Book, and Candle has now had a Rattle.
Sing Lullaby Popery, &c.

All Trayterous JUDGES must now go to Pot,
And so must that Bell-weather Bawling Great SOT,
For I dreamt that a Rope would fall to their Lot.
Sing Lullaby Popery, &c.

His HOLINESS now by this Time is fall'n Sick,
His Mouth's out of Taste, he an ORANGE can't lick,
And his Pulse, I hear say, do's beat monstrous quick.
Sing Lullaby Popery, &c.

Madam POPERY is gone, and the Devil go with her
And Six-pence, that's Money and Comp'ny together,
And I hope she'll ne're more return again hither.
*Sing Lullaby Popery, Husb! Proud Popery,
Lullaby Popery, Oh! Lullaby.*